

For the Saturday Gazette.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, Italy, March 10, 1874.

Mr. Lyon.

DEAR SIR: We are just getting over the effects of the Carnival or a ten days' spree.

It commenced on the 7th of February, and ended on the 17th. For ten days Rome had a holiday and nothing to do but to throw "confetti" and bonbons. The Carnival opened at noon on the 7th, by the arrival of his Mythological Majesty Saturn, at the Ponte Molle, one of the most ancient bridges. He came down the Tiber accompanied by a numerous suite in ancient habits.

Amidst the playing of music and other festive scenes he landed, and was received by the ambassadors of Pasquino II., the God of the Carnival, who conducted him with his suite, in ancient chariots drawn by oxen to the city, where he was met by Pasquino himself in one of the largest squares of the city.

Here a treaty was made between these two august personages, and the Carnival was declared open. From that moment "confetti," a sort of lime and flour substance, was thrown by all and at all for eight days, two days of the ten being reserved for flowers and bonbons. Many a man who ventured on the scene of action in a silk hat and broad cloth coat went home a sadder and wiser man. For instance one day I saw a fellow, evidently not from these parts, venture on the Corso, with a silk umbrella in hand and all dressed to kill; he looked around at the balconies on each side as if he had come to see and not to be seen, but unfortunately he was mistaken, for he had not looked twice when a shower of "confetti" knocked the glass out of his eye, and bleached his person as white as the driven snow. He tried to put up his umbrella, but other difficulties met him here, the noble had spied an object for mutilation, and in less than two minutes he was surrounded by a crowd of masked figures, some pulling his whiskers, others sticking pins into him, and others blowing dirt into his nostrils and eyes. He finally got the precious umbrella open, and was making his way out of misery as fast as his two legs could carry him, when—O! most unmerciful fate! a passing driver drove the butt of his whip through the top of the fine silk umbrella, and I knew him no more as he was like the rest of us, and could enjoy the Carnival without further disturbance.

This is only one of the many curious features of the Carnival; there were street shows without end, curious costumes, etc., etc.

The Carnival ended by a grand illumination and the burning of Pasquino in one of the large squares of the city. The last evening everybody went around with a candle or candles, and tried to put his neighbors' light out, at the same time keeping his own lighted. It was a very pretty sight to see the hundreds of little lights up and down the long Corso, and also very exciting to watch the different conquests between parties on the street or the balconies. We have had something else to do besides "carnivalizing," and that something else is a big lot of sight seeing. One has not the slightest idea what it is to do sight seeing until he has been to Rome. One has no idea what that word sight seeing comprises, what curious things it brings to light, what disgusting things, and how it changes a person's ideas on certain subjects. In Rome sight seeing comprises 353 churches, ruins without number, museums, villas, palaces, catacombs, tombs, etc., etc., without end.

There are very curious things, as I said before, about this holy city to attract one's attention, and they can be put in two classes.

In the first class we find politics, which is the most curious kind of politics outside of the Canibal Islands. Here in one city are two distinct governments, both having absolute power in their own jurisdiction; one afraid to touch the other and the other not able to do anything; yet both these governments are carrying on a petty war continually. It crops out in everything.

At the picture galleries of the government are open to day, those of the Pope will be sure to be closed; if there is any government holiday, the people will be sure to stay at home. The Vatican newspapers and those of the government all their columns with nothing but slanders and bitter words against the two each other. It is very much like one of our presidential elections, except that they haven't had as much practice as we have in picking out all a man ever did or said and letting all the world know about it; but, I'll keep on they will soon learn how. At present the government is ahead with the people and has the most support; still there are two parties, one working against the other. There is nothing I like better to do than go into one of the picture galleries and see one of the old monks who has been allowed to stay on account of his gray hairs.

If a clergyman ever swore that old monk will when you praise Victor Emanuel; I always think that these fellows do not throw much credit on the church; of course different people have different ideas of morality; but I don't believe that there are many who will sanction a clergyman using "bad words." In the second class we find old Rome itself, its monuments, its curiosities, and its legends. Everybody knows by heart the monuments of Rome, long before they see them. There are very few who do not know the dome of St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Forum, and many of the minor objects of this ancient city as well as they know their alphabet. Seeing Rome is really seeing that which is new and unexpected, but the

realization of an expectation, yet there are sights and curious things without number that one never knows without living in Rome.

Only yesterday a friend said, "Have you seen the Capuchin convent?" I confessed that I had not, so we had a little spare time we started off. We looked at the church which contained a few fine paintings, and like the greater part of Italy was designed or planned or something else, by Michael Angelo. When we were asked by our guide, one of the monks of the Capuchin order, if we would like to see the cemetery, we of course "liked," and so he conducted us through the cloisters of the convent and down stairs to a sort of cellar, where we found the most curious cemetery that was ever invented, and I must say that I thought the fellow had stolen some Yankee's patent, for I could not believe that it was the invention of an Italian, it was so cleverly done.

It consisted of a suite of four rooms, containing the bones of all the monks that ever died here. These bones are fixed in the most fantastic manner imaginable; all the parts of a skeleton are separated, the skulls in one place, the shin bones in another, spinal columns in another, and so on in the most systematic order possible.

There were some baskets and a few ornaments around the place which were entirely composed of bones.

I suppose that some of the friars were blessed with more members than the others, so that they could use them to manufacture ornaments for their altars.

I asked the monk if he expected to rest his weary bones there with his brethren; he smiled, and grinned, and scraped and bowed, and "hoped to be able to have that pleasure." We tried to swallow that, but it was no go; so we left before our digestion was completely spoiled.

There are many legends and stories told concerning the church which takes a pretty large amount of credulity to believe. At one of the smaller churches outside the city, a large slab is shown with the impress of a man's feet, which the priest in attendance tells you is the mark of the Saviour's feet. According to the church tradition St. Peter was met by the Saviour when escaping from Rome who told him to return and face the danger, and on the stone that the Saviour stood he left the impress of his feet. The marks of a child are too plainly visible on this block of white marble, which certainly was not used for road paving at the time of St. Peter's visit to Rome. This is only one of many such impositions for instance in a prison here, a dent in the solid rock is shown of a quarter of an inch deep, which is said to be the impression of St. Peter's head made by an accidental bump which he gave his head—or the wall!

There is another story of about the same stamp, which a person can believe or not as he likes.

On the same spot where St. Paul was executed a church has been built to commemorate the place and event; in this church are three fountains which are said to have sprung up where the severed head struck the earth after decapitation.

In proof of this story they make out that the water of the first of these fountains is still warm, the next tepid and the last cool.

I believe that letters are supposed to come to an end sometime, so I might as well stop short.

Yours very sincerely,

ALBERT D. WARREN.

P.S.—We do not receive our GAZETTE regularly, and those we do get we have to pay 10 cents for postage as they are not fully prepaid. Will you please change our address from Florence to the care of Brown, Shipley & Co., London.

Yours, D. S. W.

For Saturday Gazette.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The late Convention of Teachers, which honored Bloomfield and which Bloomfield delighted to honor, deserves more than a passing notice, or a formal report. The interest, both on the part of the members and of the people, steadily increased from the beginning to the end. The topics discussed, the class exercises, the objects held in view, the beneficial effects upon our schools, the relative merits of prominent members—became subjects of general conversation before the close of the Institute. Many teachers who came up wearied with the labors of a protracted Winter Term, and withal somewhat restive under the pressure of "compulsory attendance," soon forgot their mutual animosities and entered heart and soul into the spirit of the occasion. The favorable weather, the natural beauties of the place, the splendid building in which they met, the commodious rooms, the perfect appointments, all contributed to enhance the pleasure of the members. But more than these, the unwearied exertions of the County Superintendent and of the School officers of Bloomfield, and the generous Trustees and gentlemanly Principals to their attentive assistants, together with the unbounded hospitalities of the citizens themselves, beginning with the unique and suggestive little "cards," and culminating in loaded tables, free carriages and downy couches, all combined to make this a memorable occasion in the life of every teacher present.

Other features of the Convention also deserve mention, as adding not a little to the interest. The luncheon of the County Superintendent, in departing from the station of an Institute, and allowing more or less free discussion among the members, was commendable to him and gratifying to them. Again, the cordial co-operation of so many of the Newark teachers in the labors and objects of the Institute infusing a good spirit into the members, helped to give dignity and character to the whole body.